

# LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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## SUNDAY IN LONDON.

[THE Editor having been busy with a new poem which he is about to publish, intitled 'Captain Sword and Captain Pen,' takes the liberty of substituting for his usual leading article the following remarks under the above title, which he wrote some time ago for the 'Weekly True Sun,' and which the proprietors of that paper (with the liberality that characterises them in all their dealings) have kindly permitted him to reprint. They appeared when the newspaper in question was young, and had nothing of its present sale; so that they will be new to by far the greater part of our readers. The rest will have the kindness to put up with the repetition for the sake of their old acquaintance, the author.]

It is astonishing what a deal of good stuff, of some sort or another, inherent or associated, there is in every possible thing that can be talked of; and how it will look forth out of the dulllest windows of common-place, if sympathy do but knock at the door.

There is that house, for instance, this very Sunday, No. 4 Ballycroft row, in the Smithy; did you ever see such a house, so dull, so drearily insipid, so very rainy-bad-Sunday like? old, yet not so old as to be venerable; poor, yet not enough so to be pitied; the bricks black; the place no thoroughfare; no chance of a hackney-coach going by; the maid-servant has just left the window, yawning. But now, see who is turning the corner, and comes up the row. Some eminent man, perhaps? Not he. He is eminent for nothing, except among five or six fellow-apprentices, for being the best hand among them at turning a button. But look how he eyes, all the way, the house we have been speaking of—see how he bounds up the steps—with what a face, now cast down the area, and now raised to the upper windows, he gives his humble yet impressive knock—and lo! now look at the maid-servant's face, as she darts her head out of the window, and instantly draws it back again, radiant with delight. It is Tom Hicks, who has come up from Birmingham a week before she expected him. The door is opened almost as soon as the face is seen; and now is there love and joy in that house, and consequently a grace in the street, and it looks quite a different place, at least in the eyes of the loving and the wise.

This is our secret for making the dulllest street in the metropolis, nay the squalidest and worst, put forth some flower of pleasantness (for the seeds of good find strange corners to grow in, could people but cultivate them): and if our secret is not productive to everybody, it is no fault of ours: nay, for that matter, it is none of theirs; but we pity them, and have reason to think ourselves richer. We happened to be walking through some such forlorn-looking street with the late Mr Hazlitt, when we told him we had a charm against the melancholy of such places; and on his asking what it was, and being informed, he acknowledged, with a look between pleasure and sorrow, that it was a true one. The secret came home to him; but he could have understood, though he had not felt it. Fancy two lovers, living in the same street, either of whom thinks it a delight to exist in the same spot, and is happy for the morning if one look is given through the window-pane. It puts your thoughts in possession of the highest and most celestial pleasure on earth. No "milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale" is necessary to it,

though it is a very fitting accompaniment. The dulllest street, the dulllest room upon earth, is sufficient, and becomes a spot radiant beyond the dreams of princes. Think of George the Fourth in the midst of all the splendour of Windsor Castle, and then of this poor maid-servant, with her health, her youth, and her love, looking in the eyes of the man she is fond of, and hardly able to speak for gratitude and joy. We grant that there is no comparison, in one sense, between the two individuals, the poor old King, with his efforts at being fine and happy, and the poor young girl, with her black worsted stockings and leaping bosom, as happy as her heart can make her. But the contrast may serve to remind us that we may attribute happiness wrongly in fine places, and miss it erroneously in common ones. Windsor Castle is sufficient beauty to itself, and has poetical memories; but in the commonest street we see there may be the richest real joy.

Love is not peculiar to London on Sundays: they have it even in Edinburgh, notwithstanding what a fair charmer in 'Tait's Magazine' tells us, with such a staid countenance, of the beatitudes of self-reflection into which her countrymen retire on that day. Otherwise, out of love alone, we might render our dull-looking metropolitan Sabbath the brightest day in the week. And so it is, and in Edinburgh too, and all the Sabbath-day world over; for though, seriously speaking, we do not deny the existence of the tranquil and solitary contemplations just alluded to, yet assuredly they are as nothing compared to the thoughts connected with every-day matters; and love, fortunately, is an every-day matter, as well as money. Our Sunday streets look dull enough, Heaven knows, especially in the more trading parts of the metropolis. At the west end of the town, in Marylebone, and the squares, it looks no duller than it does on other days; and taking the spirit of the thing, there is no real Sunday among the rich. Their going to church is a lounge and a show; their meals are the same as at other times; their evenings the same; there is no difference in the look of their houses outside. But in the city, the Strand, &c., the shutting-up of the shops gives an extreme aspect of dulness and melancholy to the streets. Those windows, full of gaiety, and colour, and bustle, being shut, the eyes of the houses seem put out. The clean clothes and comparatively staid demeanour of the passengers make no amends for the loss; for with the exception of special friends and visitors, lovers in particular, it is well understood in London that Sunday is really a dull day to most people. They have outlived the opinions which gave it an interest of a peculiar sort, and their notions of religion have become either too utilitarian or too cheerful to admire the old fashion of the day any longer. Rest, with insipidity, is its character in the morning, newspaper reading excepted: church is reckoned dull, perhaps attended out of mere habit "and for the sake of example," or avoided from day to day, till non-attendance becomes another habit: dinner under any circumstances is looked to with eagerness as the great relief; the day then brightens up with the help of an extra dish, pudding, or friend; and the visits of friends help to make the evening as lively as it well can be without the charm of business and money-taking. Should there be no visitors, the case is generally helpless. The man and wife yawn, or are quiet, or dispute; a little bit of book is read, till

the reader complains of "weak eyes," or says that it is unaccountable how sleepy reading makes him, considering he is so "fond" of it; bibs are pulled up about the gentleman's chin, and gowns admired by their fair wearers; and the patients lounge towards the window, to wonder whether it is fine, or is clearing up, or to look at the rain-drops, or see what Mrs Smith is doing over the way. The young gentlemen or ladies look at the Bible, or the calendar, or the army-list, or the last magazine, or their trinkets, and wonder whether Richard will come; and the little children are told not to sing.

But the lovers!

These, however, we shall keep till the last, agreeably to the demands of climax.

But, stay a moment.—

So tender, or rather, according to Mr Bentham's philosophy, so "extra-regarding prudent," and so "felicity-maximising," is our heart, that we fear we may have been thought a little hard, by those whom we have described as uniting a sleepiness over their books with a profession of astonishment at their tendency, considering they are "so fond of books." But mistake us not, dear non-readers who happen to be reading us, or who read a newspaper though you read little else. Nothing would we ever willingly say to the useless mortification of anybody, much less of those who love anything whatsoever, especially a newspaper; and all the fault we find with you is, for thinking it necessary to vindicate your reputation for sense and sympathy on one particular score, when you might do it to better advantage by regretting the want of the very fondness you lay claim to. For in claiming to be fond of books, when you are not, you show yourselves unaware of the self-knowledge, which books help us to obtain; whereas, if you boldly and candidly expressed your regret at not being fond of them, you would show that you had an understanding so far superior to the very want of books, and far greater than that of the mechanical scholar, who knows the words in them, and nothing else. You would show that you knew what you wanted, and were aware of the pleasures that you missed: and perhaps it would turn out, on inquiry, that you had only been indifferent to books in the gross, because you had not met with the sort of reading suitable to your turn of mind. Now, we are not bound to like books unsuitable to us, any more than a poet is bound to like law-books, or a lawyer the study of Arabic, or a musician any books but his own feelings; nor is anyone, more than the musician, bound to like books at all, provided he loves the things which books teach us to love, and is for sowing harmony and advancement around him, in tones of good-humour and encouragement, to the kindly dance of our planet.

One of the pleasantest sights on a Sunday morning in the metropolis—to us, of course, particularly so—but justly also to all well-disposed and thinking Christians—is the numerous shops exhibiting weekly papers for sale—the placards of our hebdomadal brethren, blue, yellow, and white, vociferous with large types, and calling the passenger's attention to Parliamentary investigations, monstrous convictions, horrible murders, noble philanthropies, and the humanities of books, theatres, and the fine arts. Justly did the divine heart, who suffered his disciples to pluck the ears of corn, and would have the sheep extricated from the ditch on a Sabbath, refuse to

disconnect the day of worship with works of necessity and mercy; and what so necessary for the poor, the especial objects of his regard, as a knowledge of what can be done for them? what so merciful as to help them to supply their wants both of body and mind? Leaving this more serious part of the subject (which, however, is not inharmoniously mixed up with our lighter matter, for the greatest gravity and the most willing cheerfulness have but one object), we pass by the 'other open' or peeping shops (such as the pastry-cooks' who keep up the supply of indigestion, and the apothecary's who is conveniently ready against the consequences), and stop a moment at our friend the barber's, who provides a newspaper for his waiting customers, as men of his trade formerly provided a lute or a guitar. The solace is not so elegant. There must have been something very peculiar and superior, to the occasion, in the sound of a guitar in a barber's shop—of "Beauty retire," gracefully played into the face of a long-visaged old gentleman under the soap-suds; or,

"Since first I saw your face I resolved  
To honour and renown you;"

or,

"In this pleasant place retired;"

or,

"Come if you dare;"

just as the operator's fingers were approaching the patient's nose. The newspaper, however, though not so choice, or furnishing opportunities to the poor polite to show the selectness and segregation of their accomplishments, shows a higher refinement on the part of the poor in general, or the many; not to mention, that the more knowing reader may find ample occasion of showing what he knows, and may sing, in another strain, the song of "Beauty, retire," to some fair partisan on the pension-list, or "Come, if you dare," to the tax-gatherer or the tithesman. But we must be moving onward.

There is the bell going for church. Forth come Mrs. and Miss A; then the Mr B's, in their new brown coats and staid gloves; then Mr, Mrs., and the Miss C's, in a world of new bonnets and ribbons. Oh, ho! young Mr D, from over the way, joins them, and is permitted to walk with Miss C by herself; so the thing is certain. See! she explains to him that she has forgotten her prayer-book—by accident; and he joyfully shows her his own; which means, that he means to read the Collect with her out of the same book; which makes her blush and smile, and attempt to look gratefully indifferent, which is impossible; so she does not much endeavour it, and they are both as happy as if the church were made of tarts and cheesecakes. We are passing the church now, so we see no more of them. But there is the beadle, in his laced hat, taking the apple from the charity boy, and looking very angry, for it is not a good one; and there come the E's, quarrelling up to the church-door about which walks the heaviest; and F, making his sisters laugh beforehand, at the way in which the clerk opens his mouth; and G, who hates the parson; and the parson, who hates G; and H, I, J, K, and L, who are indifferent about the matter, and are thinking of their dinner, boots, neckcloths, and next day; and, not to go through the whole alphabet, here is M, dashing up in his carriage, which the coachman is to keep for him, till he has "walked humbly with his God," and is ready to strut forth again.

In childhood the church bells used to make us melancholy. They have not that effect now. The reason we take to be, that they sounded to us then from the remote regions of the whole world out of doors, and of all the untried hopes and fears and destinies which they contained. We have since known them more familiarly, and our regard is greater and even more serious, though mixed with cheerfulness, and is not at all melancholy, except when the bell tolls for a funeral; which custom by the way is a nuisance, and ought to be abolished, if only out of consideration for the sick and sorrowful. One of the reasons why church bells have become cheerful to us, is the having been accustomed to hear them among the cheerful people of Tuscany.

The Catholic countries' bells are ringing at all seasons, not always to the comfort of those who hear them; but the custom has associated them in our minds with sunshine and good-nature. We also like them on account of their frequency in colleges. Finally, they remind us of weddings and other holidays; and there is one particular little jingle in some of them, which brings to our memory the walking to church by the side of a parent, and is very dear to us.

[To be concluded in the body of our JOURNAL next week, not as the leading article.]

## ORIGIN OF THE BALLAD OF 'EDWIN AND EMMA.'

To the Editor of the London Journal.

February 19, 1833.

SIR,—In addition to the account given in this week's LONDON JOURNAL, I beg to inclose you a copy of the register of the burials of the true lovers, celebrated under the names of Edwin and Emma. I am sorry for several reasons that there is no date to the letter from the curate of Bowes to Mr C, at Marrick. The following copy of the register was extracted by myself from the parish book of registers. The story as detailed in the letter I have heard often; and many a time and oft have I, in boyhood's happy time, played on the tomb under which lie the remains of that fond pair. They were buried at the west-end of the church, near the wall. Deeply is it to be regretted that no memorial has been raised to mark the spot, and perpetuate an instance of true yet fatal love. Such a project was entertained some years ago, but has now, I fear, been quite lost sight of.

### COPY OF REGISTER.

"Rodger Wrightson Jun. and Martha Railton both of Bowes, Buried in one grave: He died in a Fever, and upon tolling his passing Bell, She cry'd out, My heart is broke, and in a Few hours expired, purely as supposed thro love. March 15th 1714-5.

"Aged about 20 years each."

I remain yours, obediently,

Temple.

F.

## THE CONCERT TICKET.

### A FRAGMENT.

"How fortunate this is! We never should have gone to pay. Now pray don't forget your kind promise;" and rising, the lady hastened to her daughters to communicate the glad tidings. George Eldridge had evidently risen in her estimation; and in due time the young ladies were as forward as "mamma" in evincing their respect for an amiable young man, who could get "orders."

Now this is extremely odd, thought George. If Mrs Dynevor was not glad of my offer, she would not have expressed so much satisfaction; and if so anxious for the theatre, why not pay?—that is curious, for she is very generous! This was indeed a mystery to a young man recently involved in London. George had been bred in the country, and trained in thorough gentlemanly ideas of independence and liberality, and his first impulse was to afford support to the arts through which he sought entertainment. "This is not like her, to evade a payment the loss of which must fall on some one!"

These last words, George, in the heat of his reflection, seems to have uttered aloud, and they attracted the attention of an old gentleman who had been sitting, as elderly men are wont to do, very quiet and attentive, in the back ground. George saw he was preparing to speak, and out he did speak, sure enough.

"Am I not right (he said) in believing that you are surprised at finding Mrs Dynevor anxious to avoid the expense of an intellectual gratification?"

George assented; and the speaker continued. "It does seem strange that a lady, whom we all know to be hospitable, kind-hearted, and beneficent, should act in a manner that could only be expected from the poor, or the poorly-minded. But yet, I fear you will find it too universal an idea, that as little as pos-

sible should be paid for what are considered amusements; and, perhaps, the cause of this apparent meanness lies in supposing that intellectual or other [external] gratification is mere amusement. But you will not listen to my prosing over causes! It is very rare to meet with any who expend their money as a principle of public acknowledgment to private endeavour to attain perfection either in art or science. If an exhibition is advertised of the striving talent of our artists, or a book, the produce of the research of half a life,—what is the dominant feeling in society? Is it by the sacrifice of a trifling amount by all who choose to avail themselves of the exertions of others to repay the toil expended in the one or the other case? Do we find galleries crowded by something like a generous feeling towards the abilities there displayed,—or, on the other hand, do we ever hear of an elaborate work on science being purchased from motives of respect to its author—or rather, to the merits of the book? That society does here and there boast such feeling, there is no doubt; but it is an exception to a rule. I am sorry to believe that our first propensity is to avail ourselves of every good thing, without reference to those to whom we are indebted; and to deem that we repay them amply with our praise. The modest thought! How horrified these people would be were they offered the 'gift' of the King's bounty at Easter, or 'free admission' to a feast at the Freemason's Tavern, or proffered 'tickets' for coals and potatoes, as a charitable donation, at Christmas! But, it may be fairly asked, where lies the difference between accepting these free gifts, and crawling for gratis admissions. Do talents demand less culture than a potato, or does fuel lie deeper in the bowels of the earth than genius in its 'hidden cells?' But, perhaps, this is trifling. In plain language, does the public suppose that the gratification they receive so readily, is equally cheap to others as to themselves? They who have seen talent devoting youth, rest, recreation,—nay, even the necessities of life, and I may almost add, the affections of the heart, to the creation of those powers, whose apparent ease is the effect of the toil of years, can never deal so niggard-like by their possessors.

"It is not necessary for me to name to you the class in life which is the more obnoxious to the reproach of thoughtless indifference on this point; for want of reflection is the great cause of the evil, and this I am happy to think; for there can be no greater meanness on the face of the earth than that which grudges to intellect, feeling, and industry, their due reward."

"My opinion on this subject took its rise from rather a melancholy incident, which I will relate."

"Will he never cease?" thought George; "and a dance commencing, too!" So, drinking in at one ear the blandishments of the waltz, he lent an ungracious moiety of the other to the old man.

"Some years ago, when I, as you may be now, was a zealous knight in the service of the ladies, *un petit courier des dames*, I was intimately acquainted with a professional man—a leader in art, music. Many years he had laboured, to my knowledge, for proficiency, before he appeared before the public, and then expecting only a modest requital for his toil. His was 'the labour we delight in,' therefore he was not exorbitant in his wishes; but, for the pleasure he found himself capable of inspiring, he was intitled at least to some return. How he succeeded, however, I never knew till the following event took place. He announced a concert. His abilities were well known, though his name was not fashionable; and my friends, aware that I was acquainted with him, importuned me to procure free tickets. I wrote for them; they were forwarded, and on the appointed day we attended. Never did the talents of my friend shine to greater advantage than on that day, and seldom have I seen a more numerous or more gratified audience. Well, sir!—in the course of a few days, glad in heart at his success, I hastened to the house of —, to congratulate him. A sad revulsion, however, came over me, when I observed an unwonted gloom over that cheerful dwelling. All—wife, children, and servants, were downcast,—the musician excepted: his genius,



I suppose, upheld him. The cause was this, as I discovered, when he checked with a smile the gratulations I was offering him on his supposed gains:—He had been struggling, he said, for years to keep his footing in England, but the struggle went against him. It was not that it was toilsome— toil he did not fear; but the fight was not fair,—the labour was not *clean*. This concert he had given as a last trial—'And you succeeded?' I cried. 'The room was full—but it was with *free admissions*,' he quietly replied. You may believe, sir, I wished myself anywhere else than where I was, sitting opposite the man whom I felt that I had been a party in injuring; though no such thought, I do believe, entered his mind. He continued, 'I am now on the eve of departure for another country—where, an inward voice tells me, better fortune will be my mead.' And it was true: everything was preparing for removal. Those walls, witnesses of so much happiness—happiness which evidently had had its source alone in the riches of the heart and mind of their master—walls, which had resounded with so much that was kind, hospitable, brilliant, and harmonious,—were now being despoiled of their tasteful decorations; and everything threatened that the man whose kind heart and great genius had hallowed the spot, was now dreaming of other lands."

"By Jove! that was well danced!" cried George Eldridge, as, springing from his seat, he ran off to compliment the object of his admiration.

The old gentleman smiled to find he had been storying to unlistening ears. It was not the first time.

W. R.

••• We doubt whether the complaint of our respected Correspondent is in this instance well founded. Music is a luxury, not a necessity: at least it is so thought; it goes, at all events, upon the principle of attraction, and if it cannot attract money out of pockets, as well as a cheaper attention, we know not that a moral ground of complaint lies against the non-payers. The desideratum is to refine their tastes; and this consummation, indeed, such remonstrances as the present may help to bring about, by showing how worthy of all acknowledgment the labours of the accomplished are held to be by liberal minds. We confess we have never thought the readiness to accept, or to beg, orders, a very handsome or considerate thing on the part of people who can afford to pay for them. We should be ashamed, for instance, to avail ourselves of orders furnished by a good actor or musician in no very flourishing circumstances, and then go and lay out the value of them in tarts, or a trinket, or any other superfluity.

#### AMBIGUOUS PROPHETS.

Thomas Learmouth, otherwise called the *Rhymer*, a native of Ercheldoune in the Merse, is reported to have lived during the reign of Alexander III. He was famous for his predictions of future events. On the day of Alexander's death, the Earl of March asked him, whether anything extraordinary would happen next day? "To-morrow," answered Thomas, "will be heard the most vehement wind that was ever known in Scotland." When the news of the King's death arrived, "that," said Thomas, "was the wind of which I spake." Fordun relates this story as a proof of his prophetic spirit. There is still a better story related of Apollonius Tyanaeus by *Philostratus*, Lib. iv. c. 43. An eclipse happened at Rome in the days of the Emperor Nero, at the same time there was a violent thunder storm! Apollonius, lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "ἔσται τι μέγα καὶ ἐκέσται;" i. e. "something great or extraordinary will come to pass, and will not." No one could understand the sense of this enigma; however, it was soon explained; for a goblet in the hands of Nero was struck with lightning, and yet he himself escaped unhurt. This, according to the admirers of Apollonius, was the remarkable thing which was to happen and not to happen.—*Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland*

#### THE WEEK.

##### BIRTH-DAYS AND OTHER ANNIVERSARIES.

MARCH 4. Ash-Wednesday, the first day of Lent,—a season so called from the Saxon *Lenten* or *Lengthen-tide*; that is the lengthening of day-light. The observance of abstinence at this season is a memorial of the fasting of Jesus. It is little retained except among Catholics, and it is very much qualified with them. Brand quotes an amusing clause concerning it from one of the Roman Casuists; namely, that "beggars which are ready to affamish for want, may eat what they can get."

Ash-Wednesday is so called from the custom formerly prevailing of blessing ashes on this day, and signing the people's foreheads with them at church, in token of the "dust and ashes" nature of man. The ashes were those of the palm-branches consecrated on Palm-Sunday.

Ash-Wednesday is no longer anything with us but a name; and Lent means little but a season in which people eat too much fish and egg-sauce, and go to the theatres in black to hear oratorios.

Same day, 1650 (according to Chalmers:—Gorton says, 1652). At Worcester, the son of an attorney, John Lord Somers, a celebrated lawyer and statesman, one of the leaders of the Revolution of 1688, and a man of great taste in literature,—the patron of Addison and Steele, and promoter of the fame of Milton. He appears to have been a genuine lover of freedom; but to have shown, in advancing its interests, something of the superfluous subtlety of a legal breeding, which subjected him, among other charges, to that of currying too much favour with the King (William III), for the sake of maintaining the Whigs in power. An unfavourable view of this conduct would trace it to an aristocratical leaven in his own nature; a favourable one, to his ulterior considerations of what was best for all. His taste in literature would argue for the latter conclusion. Of the former, an anecdote of him in his youth might be regarded by some as a prognostic. As it is an amusing one, and shows his father in a light of homely joviality, we here repeat it. The name of the landlord gives it an additional zest in these days, though the old gentleman would have hazarded no such brusquerie to its present bearer. It is curious, by the way, that the name of Cobbett is always found in connexion with Anti-Toryism. It was that of one of the Republican colonels in Cromwell's time.

—Old Mr Somers (the biographers tell us) used to frequent the taverns in London, and in his way from Worcester was wont to leave his horse at the George at Acton, where he often made mention of the hopeful son he had at the Temple. Cobbet, who kept the inn, hearing him enlarge so much in praise of his son, to compliment the old gentleman, cried, "Why wont you let us see him, sir?" The father, to oblige his merry landlord, desired the young gentleman to accompany him so far on his way home; and being come to the George, took his landlord aside, and said "I have brought him, Cobbet, but you must not talk to him as you do to me; he will not suffer such fellows as you in his company."

—6, 1474. At Arezzo, in Tuscany, of a noble family, Michael Angelo Buonarroti, whom the lovers of energy in its visible aspect think the greatest artist that ever lived. Ariosto (in not one of his happiest compliments) punning upon his name, calls him

Michel, più che mortal, Angiol divino,—

Michael, the more than man, Angel divine;

and pursuing the allusion, it may be said that there is much of the same difference between him and Raphael, as there is between their namesakes, the warlike archangel Michael, in 'Paradise Lost,' and Raphael, "the affable archangel." But we must own it appears to us, that Raphael, by a little exaggeration, could have done all that Michael Angelo did; whereas Michael Angelo could not have composed himself into the tranquil perfection of Raphael. Raphael's Gods and Sybils are as truly grand as those of Buonarroti; while the latter, out of an in-

stinct of inferiority in intellectual and moral grandeur, could not help eking out the power of his with something of a convulsive strength,—an ostentation of muscles and attitudes. His Jupiter was a Mars intellectualized. Raphael's was always Jupiter himself, needing nothing more, and including the strength of beauty with that of majesty; as true moral grandeur does in nature. Michael Angelo was great in sculpture as well as painting, and was the chief builder of the magnificent church of St Peter. He also wrote a number of sonnets, partaking of the austere character of his genius. He was short in stature, but of energetic and venerable aspect; though Torrigiano, the sculptor, in a fit of passion, when they were at school together, broke the bridge of his nose with a blow of his little violent fist, and left it flattened for life; as may be seen in the busts of him.

Same day, 1482. At Florence, of a noble family, Francesco Guicciardini, an excellent statesman and historian, diffuse in his narratives, but sagacious, and a lover of truth. We regret we can only speak of him from the judgments of others, never having read his history. Like most of the great men of Italy, he also wrote verses.

#### TO THE FALSE ONE.

"— Their perfume gone,  
Take these again; for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind."

TAKE backe thy gyfte—'tis deare no more  
Sithe false have prov'd the wordes I trusted,  
Dimme are its gemmes, see bryghte before,  
Each lynke by Treach'rie's breathe is rusted.

Firme are those lynkes of purest golde  
(Too firme to bee a trifier's tokenne)  
Stille with unshakenne strengthe they holde—  
They are not—like thy false vowe—brokenne!

Thou should'st have given a rosie chaine  
Of budde that fade as ev'ning closes,  
And even thenne too welles I weane,  
Thy hearte had chang'd, before thy roses.

Thenne as each perfumed leafe and flowre  
Of its fraile linkes had dropt awaye,  
I might have counted houre by houre  
The progresse of thy love's decaye.

M. S. B.

#### ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

LX.—A HUMAN WILD BEAST APPARENTLY TAMED.

[FROM a curious piece of German autobiography just published, intitled 'Heinrich Stilling.' The author was a friend of Goethe's. We do not take for granted, as he does, the thorough conversion of the unhappy, and most probably wretchedly educated, subject of the present story; but the man, like other human beings, has a germ of goodness in him, and the contrast of his poor wife's patience and kindness is affecting.]

During supper, in the evening, Glöckner related a very remarkable tale regarding his brother-in-law, Freymuth, which was to the following effect:—Madame Freymuth was Glöckner's wife's sister, and of one mind with her concerning religion; the two sisters therefore came frequently together, with other friends, on the Sunday afternoon; they then recapitulated the morning's sermon, read in the bible, and sang hymns. Freymuth could not bear this at all; he was an arch enemy to such things, yet, notwithstanding, he went diligently to church and sacrament, but that was all; horrible oaths, drinking, gaming, licentious conversation, and fighting, were his most gratifying amusements, in which he passed his time, after his business was finished. When he came home in the evening, and found his wife reading the bible, or some other edifying book, he began to swear in a dreadful manner, and to say to her, "Thou canting pierist! D—, knowest thou not, that I will not have thee read?" He then seized her by the hair, dragged her about upon the ground, and beat her, till the

blood gushed from her nose and mouth; however, she did not say a word, but when he left off, she embraced his knees, and besought him with many tears, to be converted and change his course of life; he then kicked her away from him with his feet, and said, "That I will not, thou wretch! I will be no hypocrite, like thee." He treated her in the same manner, when he knew that she had been in company with other pious people. In this way he had acted ever since his wife had been of different sentiments to himself. But now, only within the last few days, Freymuth had become intirely changed, and that in the following manner:—

Freymuth took his departure for the fair at Frankfort. During this time, his wife was intirely at liberty to live as she pleased; she not only went to visit other friends, but also occasionally invited a considerable number of them to her house; this she did, also, last Easter fair. Once, when many of them were assembled in Freymuth's house, on a Sunday evening, and were reading, praying, and singing together, it pleased the mob not to suffer this; they came, and, first of all, broke all the windows within their reach, and, as the house door was fastened, they burst it open with a strong pole. The company in the parlour were alarmed and terrified, and everyone sought to hide himself as well as he could. Madame Freymuth alone remained, and, on hearing the house door broken open, she stepped out with a light in her hand. Several of the mob had already burst in, whom she met in the hall. She smiled at the people, and said, good humouredly, "Neighbours! what is it you want?" immediately they were as though they had received a beating; they looked at each other, were ashamed, and went quietly home again. The next morning Madame Freymuth sent for the glazier and carpenter, in order to restore everything to its proper state; this was done, and scarcely was all finished, when her husband returned from the fair.

He immediately observed the new windows, and therefore asked his wife how that had happened? She told him the pure truth circumstantially, and concealed nothing from him, but sighed, at the same time, in her mind, to God for assistance; for she believed nothing else but that she would be dreadfully beaten. Freymuth, however, did not think of that, but was mad at the outrage of the mob. His intention was to take cruel revenge upon the villains, as he called them; he, therefore, commanded his wife, with threats, to tell him who they were that had committed the outrage, for she had seen and recognized them.

"Yes, dear husband!" said she, "I will tell thee; but I know a still greater sinner than they all together; for there was one who, for the very same reason, beat me most dreadfully."

Freymuth did not understand this as it was meant; he flew into a passion, beat upon his breast, and roared out, "May the D— fetch him and thee too, if thou dost not this moment tell me who it was."—"Yes," answered Madame Freymuth, "I will tell thee; revenge thyself upon him as much as thou wilt; thou art the man that did it, and art, therefore, worse than the people who only broke the windows." Freymuth was mute, and as if struck by lightning; he was silent awhile; at length he began, "God in heaven, thou art in the right! I have certainly been a real villain! I am wishing to revenge myself on people who are better than I! Yes, wife! I am the most wicked wretch upon earth! He jumped up, ran up stairs to his bed-room, lay there three days and three nights, flat upon the ground, ate nothing, and only occasionally took something to drink. His wife kept him company as much as she could, and helped him in prayer, that he might obtain favour with God, through the Redeemer.

On the morning of the fourth day, he rose with his mind at ease, praised God, and said, "I am now assured that my grievous sins are forgiven me!" From that moment he has been quite another man, as humble as he was proud before,

as meek as he had been previously wrathful and daring, and as heartily pious as he had before been impious.

This man would have been a subject for my friend, Lavater. The expression of his countenance was the maddest and wildest in the world; it needed only a single passion, for instance, anger, to be excited, and the animal spirits required only to extend every muscle of his face, and he would have appeared raging mad. But now he is like a lion turned into a lamb. Peace and serenity are impressed upon every muscle of his countenance, and this gives him an aspect as pious as it was previously brutal.

## FOOD.

[The following article, translated from a local work on 'Boulogne sur Mer,' applies particularly to the edible productions of that place; but it bears a general interest; for who is not interested in eating and drinking? And the French are considered to have advanced a step before us in the chymical analysis of nutritive substances.]

The animal productions that serve the purpose of nutrition are the muscles, membranes, and all the tissues of the ox, the sheep, the pig, the hare, the rabbit, poultry, wild fowl, and a great variety of fish; both sea and fresh-water fish; together with shell-fish and crustacea. In each of these substances reside certain principles which concur with remarkable energy in the formation of chyle, and the quick reparation of all the powers:—these are *gelatine*, *fibrine*, *albumine*, and *osmazome*; but these nutritive principles do not always exist in the same proportions. They vary according to the age and species of the animal. *Gelatine* abounds in young animals; in adult animals, *fibrine* predominates. *Albumine* is found, more or less, in all. *Osmazome* is scarcely present at all, in the calf and pullet; but in the ox, and other full-grown animals, it is very abundant. It is to this substance that broth owes its colour, its aromatic odour, and agreeable flavour.

In examining their mode of action on the animal economy, it will not be difficult to distinguish the cases in which one or the other of these substances should be perferably employed.

*Gelatine* is obtained by a decoction in water of all the soft parts of animals; but particularly the skin, the tendons, membranes, and glands. The bones, also, being pulverised, furnish a great quantity. It does not digest as easily as is commonly believed. This mistaken notion causes it to be lavished on the convalescent, and generally on those whose failing strength is the result of a bad state of the organs of digestion. It is very nourishing, but too relaxing. When it does digest, it speedily produces an *embonpoint*, the character of which is, the paleness and softness of the flesh. *Gelatine* is never strictly proper, unless all the animal functions are in a healthy state, and in cases where a meagre state of body is not the result of any derangement of the stomach. For temperaments in which the white fluids predominate, its relaxing properties should be corrected by aromatics or some other stimulant, such as wine, spices, &c.—the mode of action is then totally different, and it becomes essentially tonic and strengthening.

*Fibrine* constitutes more particularly the flesh of animals; it is generally easy of digestion. It furnishes a large proportion of chyle, and leaves little or no residuum; it enriches the constitution by increasing the size and strength of all the tissues, quickens the sensibility, and gives energy and activity to all the functions. But to obtain these results, it is necessary that the *fibrine* should be united with *osmazome*; otherwise, its effects will be nearly the same as those of all the white parts of animals.

*Albumine*, of which the white of an egg is wholly formed, and the greater part of the yolk, is coagulated and hardened by heat to a degree that resists all efforts of digestion. Its nutritive properties, analogous to those of milk, are not to be relied on, unless when it is employed in a half-liquid state, whe-

ther alone, or combined with other animal substances,—then it is easily digested and assimilated.

*Osmazome* is obtained by the washing in cold water of any brown flesh: an extract is made of it, which is not nutritive, but which acts on the vital (*proprieétés*) properties in a manner eminently stimulating, it penetrates the whole system of circulation excites the power of assimilation, and determines the chyloferous vessels to appropriate to themselves a greater proportion of the nutritious principles. Now, it will be readily conceived that the flesh of adult animals, containing at once *fibrine* and *gelatine*, the properties of which are advantageously modified by *osmazome*, would be the food best adapted for lymphatic constitutions, where there is a disposition to scrophula, and in all cases where the organs require stimulus; but, for the same reasons, it should be taken very moderately by those who are inclined to plethora, to active hæmorrhages, or other acute affections. It would be particularly injurious to nervous temperaments, and wherever there is any irritation of the organs of sensibility, unless tempered by a mixture of vegetable food.

What we have said of the flesh of animals applies equally well to poultry. Domestic fowl have white flesh, similar in its effects to that of young quadrupeds; whereas wild fowl and game in general have brown flesh, more resembling that of adult quadrupeds.

Fish do not, like birds and quadrupeds, contain the principle which stimulates the digestion; they contain, however, a large proportion of nutriment, the absorption of which is more or less easy in different individuals. There are, indeed, persons who can only eat particular kinds of fish; and others to whom it is altogether injurious, and in whom it excites an ardent thirst. The immediate action of fish on the animal economy, is not direct, like that manifestly produced by any aliment in which *osmazome* predominates; neither are the fluids and solids renewed, as by *gelatine* or *fibrine*; but in a manner much more calm. To this property, may, in a great measure, be referred the constitution of our seamen; it is also to the mild and tranquil digestion of this food that we may attribute the uniformity of their actions and habits.

Some authors have written that fish produce obstinate cutaneous affections, ulcers, adynamic fevers, and scurvy. We think that there has not been sufficient distinction made here between the salt and smoked fish, and the fresh. Sharp seasonings may affect the skin and the vital fluids; we have often observed these effects; but scorbutic diseases, and cutaneous affections, in general, are extremely rare among our seamen; whence we conclude that fish is a wholesome food, proper in all cases not requiring a stimulating diet.

The most common shell-fish in Boulogne, used as food, are oysters, *les peignes*, and muscles. Oysters are easy of digestion, and may agree with weak stomachs; but they are rather relaxing. Robust persons eat considerable quantities of them without inconvenience, their relaxing properties tending to correct the effects of too nourishing a diet. *Les peignes*, analogous to oysters in texture, are far from being as easy of digestion; and, though boiled with aromatics and other provocations, are proper only for persons of very strong digestion. In all other cases, they are not only improper (*contraire*) but positively injurious.

Muscles, from their abundance on the rocks bathed by the sea on the coast of Boulogne furnish a common article of food, and are a most important resource for the poor. Mucous as oysters, they act in the same manner on the animal economy; but they are justly mistrusted, because it sometimes happens that they produce serious indigestions, attended with violent pains in the head and stomach, difficulty of breathing, puffing of the face, and a red, sharp, and stinging eruption over the whole body; momentary coryza, and sometimes convulsions. It is remarkable that these effects do not depend upon the quantity eaten. For example: several persons will make a plentiful repast on muscles, and not be at all incommoded; one of the party will eat but two or three, and, a short time after, will experience the effects we



have described; on another occasion, perhaps, all the party will be affected, more or less, in a similar manner. What can we conclude from this irregularity, but that muscles have sometimes poisonous properties, dependant upon the state of their fluids, the nature of the substances on which they feed, or the degree of purity of the waters in which they live? There may also be some predisposition of the stomach, favourable to the action of these properties. But the observation of a long course of years has demonstrated, that the muscles taken on the rocks of Equihen, which are uncovered only in very low tides, are rarely unwholesome; whereas those taken nearer to the coast are by no means so wholesome. This shows that their poisonous properties depend partly upon the causes we have assigned. It seems, however, that the brown tubercle in the centre, vulgarly called the tongue, is the most common cause of indigestion—for those persons who are careful to remove this are not incommoded. It is observed, also, that if the muscle be moistened in vinegar, before it is eaten, its ill qualities are neutralized. It is important, then, always to observe this rule, if one would avoid accidents, always accompanied with pain, anxiety, &c. &c.

The crustacea are not rare in the country; but they eat only the crab, the lobster, and the shrimp. They are difficult of digestion, especially the two first. Though they all form a solid and very nourishing food, they ought not to be used without aromatics and spices sufficiently stimulating to prevent indigestion; even then, they are only fit for strong and vigorous stomachs.

The lobster is liable to affections which sometimes render it unwholesome. Its ill properties reside especially in a red substance called the coral, which is neither more nor less than the eggs, still very small, and placed in the interior of the body. On the 1st of September 1824, five persons suffered from indigestion, followed by prostration of strength, hicough, violent colics, faintings, and other symptoms of the most alarming nature—in consequence of eating of a lobster, with the flesh of which was mixed the coral, cut in small pieces. An evident proof that it was the coral that caused the evil was, that a sixth person, who was of the party, having had the precaution to put aside the morsels of that part which had fallen to his share, suffered no inconvenience whatever. As it has not been ascertained at what precise period the lobster becomes unwholesome, and it is impossible exactly to describe any characters by which that state may be recognized, it is advisable habitually to reject the coral.

#### VEGETABLE FOOD.

The various vegetables used as food, differ as well in their action on the animal economy, as in the quantity of nutriment they contain. As our limits will not allow us to examine each severally, we shall separate them into sections, comprehending all the analogies.

**The Farinaceous.** Of these vegetables, wheat is undoubtedly the one most generally employed. The abundance of gluten and nutritious matter that enter into its composition, render it preferable for the making of bread; it digests with the greatest facility, and furnishes a large portion of chyle. The exclusive use of this kind of food, however, occasions a superabundance of blood. Great bread-eaters have the vascular system full; the pulse, though strong, remarkably slow; and in general, a tendency to plethora. Their muscles become more strong and robust, but they have not the quickness of movement, and the elasticity of persons who live upon more stimulating food. The functions of the mind also have less activity, and the sensibility seems blunted. This state of apparent calmness always conceals the elements of inflammatory maladies, intense in proportion to the more or less superabundance of the sanguine fluid. Such a diet is improper, therefore, for persons of a strong and stout constitution, or persons subject to hæmorrhage, to the impulsion of blood to the head, &c., but it would be useful in cases of great nervous irritability, when the hæmorrhage is

viated, as in scurvy; or where debility and poverty of blood announce a deficiency of the nourishing juices.

Farinaceous vegetables are valuable aliments, gentle in their action; and a mixture of them with animal productions, is, in some sort, the complement of the nourishment of man: but their quantity should be proportioned to the constitution, and to the predispositions which, according to sex or age, determine the liability to different affections.

Bread made of pure wheat is the best and the lightest; all its principles are almost intirely absorbed. That in which other flour is introduced—such as barley, rye, oats, or the fecula of potato, is not only more compact, but also slower of digestion. The former suits best for sedentary or inactive persons, because their digestive powers have less energy; but the second is best for the working classes. It makes them less sensible of the imperious calls of hunger, during the hours devoted to labour. Hot bread is always heavier than stale; and in all cases, crust digests more readily than crumb, because the latter, being much softer, requires little mastication; while the former, being more masticated, absorbs more saliva, and demands less effort on the part of the stomach. Long mastication is absolutely necessary to an easy digestion. Too little attention is paid to this fact, and to this omission many evils are attributable. It cannot be too earnestly recommended to weak and delicate persons to divide and temper their food in the mouth, as completely as possible, before it is entrusted to the stomach.

**The Leguminous.** In the number of aliments of this kind, it is necessary to comprehend the roots of certain vegetables, their leaves, their stalks, their seeds, and even their flowers. These parts contain different degrees of nutriment, and ought to be gathered at the most favourable period of vegetation. Thus, carrots, lettuces, asparagus, gourds, peas, cauliflowers, &c. are used only when the roots, leaves, stalks, seeds, &c. respectively, abound with sap; and each contains the nourishing and peculiar juices destined to the full growth of the vegetable. In fine, if the stalks were fully developed, the roots would become dry and woody, the leaves hard and cortaceous; they would no longer be susceptible of digestion, and would even cease to be nutritious.

Two parts necessarily exist in vegetables: the one contains all that is alimentary—it is the mucilaginous extract; the other is the vegetable fibre, which will not digest, and is constantly rejected. Now, it may be said, that the more mucilage any vegetable substance may contain, and the less of the fibrous part, the more it is susceptible of assimilation. The leguminous are by no means so nutritious as the farinaceous vegetables; and produce but a small proportion of chyle.

The effects of a constant diet of this kind are not difficult to distinguish: the stomach, wearied by the sweet moist mucilage of leguminous substances, furnishes to the assimilative agents but little nutrition, and peculiarly relaxing; thus, the contractibility of the heart is weakened, the skin loses its colour, and the vital properties of all the tissues become singularly relaxed; the blood itself becomes more liquid; and a full and swollen appearance often announces the want of energy of the acquired constitution. Such diet, then, is contra-indicated for persons of weak and feeble habit, and especially for those in whom the white fluids predominate. Neither are they proper for persons whose organs of locomotion have need of vigour and activity; nor those in whom an habitual state of indolence betrays the languor of the functions, and the imminence of a leuco-phlegmatic and weak habit of body; but, on the contrary, a vegetable diet may be employed to great advantage, where the thickening of the blood disposes to an inflammatory state. This regimen is no less proper when it is desirable to temper nervous susceptibility.

Unless in such cases as we have mentioned, leguminous vegetables, mingled with different kinds of meat, compose the best and most wholesome diet, because this mixture of the two is more strengthening than vegetables alone, and less stimulating than an

intirely animal diet. According to these principles, the more or less proportion of either should be determined by the constitution of the individual.

Fruits are not generally considered as food, but rather as accessories *en raison* of the quantity of saccharine, acidulous, or oily matter they may contain; the mucilage with which these principles are united, however, gives them nutritive properties more or less decided.

The sweet fruits used in Boulogne are apricots, plums, and the dried fruits, as figs, raisins, &c. The sugar makes them particularly desirable—it is of easy digestion; its assimilation is almost complete. Persons who use a great quantity soon become *en-bon-point*, and even plethoric; but at the same time it seems that they are slower in their movements, and deficient in activity, which always depends on the elasticity of the muscles. The sensibility also is somewhat diminished, and the brain appears to act with more calmness and tranquillity. But when the sugar contained in the fruit presents itself in the form of a mass of sweet mucus, then its mode of action differs, and this new substance becomes relaxing, occasions flatulence, &c. and all the organs are weakened. These effects are especially remarkable in delicate persons, and persons of weak digestion.

Sweet fruits are a great resource for convalescents, and in all cases where it is desirable to increase nutrition; but then two conditions are necessary:—the first, that these fruits should contain as little mucus as possible; the other, that the stomach be strong enough to overcome their laxative influence. In such cases this nourishment, judiciously mingled with substances slightly stimulant, will give strength to the constitution; but it will be readily conceived that it must be injurious whenever there is the least predisposition to plethora or inflammation.

The most common of the acid fruits are gooseberries, currants, cherries, strawberries, apples, pears, peaches, raspberries, mulberries, oranges, and lemons. Though the acetic, citric, malic, and moric acids contained in these fruits is always mingled with a considerable quantity of sugary mucus, they are not nutritive, but rather exercise their influence in exciting the appetite, and favouring the digestion of other substances eaten at the same time. It is necessary, however, that they be eaten in moderation, otherwise they will occasion serious disorders. One of the most sensible effects of acid fruits is their action on the circulation. The pulse beats slower; the animal heat is modified in a remarkable manner. The cellular tissue is clogged, and this explains why the frequent use of acids often brings on a state of leanness; but a moderate use of them, especially when the weather is very warm, gives to the whole frame a sensation of refreshing coolness that is very useful.

The oily fruits gathered in this country are nuts and walnuts; but almonds and cocoa-nuts also are used. Alone, they are hard of digestion, and although the oil they contain, united with the vegetable pulp, affords a sufficiency of nutriment, it is necessary to their digestion that they should be masticated until every particle be completely crushed. If not thus carefully divided, the stomach is wearied with vain efforts to digest them. These fruits are never better assimilated than when fresh, and intirely triturated with the salivary juices, and never more unwholesome than when they are stale, and their oily particles have begun to lose their purity. Oily fruits are in general softening, and their action on the several systems of organs tend to moderate their functions. Thus, persons who make great use of them are stout without being strong; their sensibility is in some sort dulled, and the understanding dormant.

#### THEOPHILOSOPHY.

He that thinks best of man, thinks most worthily of God. Man, savage man,—and of civilised man the more ignorant and besotted classes, like the devils, believe and tremble; not so he who keeps ever in his view the high destinies of humanity; he, whatever be his creed, believes and loves.—*Outline of a system of Education.*

CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S  
PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

## NO. VIII.—THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

BOTTOM the Weaver is a character that has not had justice done him. He is the most romantic of mechanics. And what a list of companions he has!—Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joiner, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, Starveling the Tailor; and then, again, what a group of fairy attendants, Puck, Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed! It has been observed that Shakespeare's characters are constructed upon deep physiological principles; and there is something in this play which looks very like it. Bottom the Weaver, who takes the lead of

"This crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,"

follows a sedentary trade, and he is accordingly represented as conceited, serious, and fantastical. He is ready to undertake anything and everything, as if it was as much a matter of course as the motion of his loom and shuttle. He is for playing the tyrant, the lover, the lady, the lion. "He will roar that it shall do any man's heart good to hear him;" and this being objected to as improper, he still has a resource in his good opinion of himself, and "will roar you an 'twere any nightingale." Snug the Joiner is the moral man of the piece, who proceeds by measurement and discretion in all things. You see him with his rule and compasses in his hand. "Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study."—"You may do it extempore," says Quince, "for it is nothing but roaring." Starveling the Tailor keeps the peace, and objects to the lion and the drawn sword. "I believe we must leave the killing out when all's done." Starveling, however, does not start the objections himself, but seconds them when made by others, as if he had not spirit to express his fears without encouragement. It is too much to suppose all this intentional: but it very luckily falls out so. Nature includes all that is implied in the most subtle analytical distinctions; and the same distinctions will be found in Shakespeare. Bottom, who is not only chief actor, but stage-manager for the occasion, has a device to obviate the danger of frightening the ladies: "Write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and for better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the Weaver: this will put them out of fear." Bottom seems to have understood the subject of dramatic illusion at least as well as any modern essayist. If our holiday mechanic rules the roast among his fellows, he is no less at home in his new character of an ass, "with amiable cheeks, and fair large ears." He instinctively acquires a most learned taste, and grows fastidious in the choice of dried peas and bottled hay. He is quite familiar with his new attendants, and assigns them their parts with all due gravity. "Monsieur Cobweb, good Monsieur, get your weapon in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a thistle, and, good Monsieur, bring me the honey-bag." What an exact knowledge is here shown of natural history!

Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, is the leader of the fairy band. He is the Ariel of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream;' and yet as unlike as can be to the Ariel in 'The Tempest.' No other poet could have made two such different characters out of the same fanciful materials and situations. Ariel is a minister of retribution, who is touched with a sense of pity at the woes he inflicts. Puck is a mad-cap sprite, full of wantonness and mischief, who laughs at those whom he misleads—"Lord, what fools these mortals be!" Ariel cleaves the air, and executes his mission with the zeal of a winged messenger; Puck is borne along on his fairy errand like the light and glittering gossamer before the breeze. He, is indeed, a most epicurean little gentleman, dealing in quaint devices, and faring in dainty delights. Prospero and his world of spirits are a set of moralists; but with Obe-

ron and his fairies we are launched at once into the empire of the butterflies. How beautifully is this race of beings contrasted with the men and women actors in the scene, by a single epithet which Titania gives to the latter, "the human mortals!" It is astonishing that Shakespeare should be considered, not only by foreigners, but by many of our own critics, as a gloomy and heavy writer, who painted nothing but "gorgons and hydras, and chimeras dire." His subtlety exceeds that of all other dramatic writers, inasmuch that a celebrated person of the present day said that he regarded him rather as a metaphysician than a poet. His delicacy and sportive gaiety are infinite. In the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' alone, we should imagine, there is more sweetness and beauty of description than in the whole range of French poetry put together. What we mean is this, that we will produce out of that single play ten passages, to which we do not think any ten passages in the works of the French poets can be opposed, displaying equal fancy and imagery. Shall we mention the remonstrance of Helena to Hermia, or Titania's description of her fairy train, or her disputes with Oberon about the Indian boy, or Puck's account of himself and his employments, or the Fairy Queen's exhortation to the elves to pay due attendance upon her favourite, Bottom; or Hippolyta's description of a chase, or Theseus's answer? The two last are as heroic and spirited as the others are full of luscious tenderness. The reading of this play is like wandering in a grove by moonlight: the descriptions breathe a sweetness like odours thrown from beds of flowers.

Titania's exhortation to the fairies to wait upon Bottom, which is remarkable for a certain cloying sweetness in the repetition of the rhymes, is as follows:—

"Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;  
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes,  
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries;  
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,  
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes;  
To have my love to bed, and to arise:  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies;  
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies."

The sounds of the lute and the trumpet are not more distinct than the poetry of the foregoing passage, and of the conversation between Theseus and Hippolyta.

"THESEUS. Go, one of you, find out the forester,  
For now our observation if perform'd;  
And since we have the vaward of the day  
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.  
Uncouple in the western valley, go,  
Despatch I say, and find the forester.  
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,  
And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction."

HIPPOLYTA. I was with Hercules and Cadmus  
once,

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding. For, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder."

THESEUS. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung

With ears that sweep away the morning dew;  
Crook-knee'd and dew-lap'd, like Thessalian bulls,  
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,  
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:  
Judge when you hear."

Even Titian never made a hunting-piece of a *gusto* so fresh and lively, and so near the first ages of the world as this.

It had been suggested to us, that the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' would do admirably to get up as a Christmas after-piece; and our prompter proposed that Mr Kean should play the part of Bottom, as worthy of his great talents. He might, in the discharge of his duty, offer to play the lady like any of our actresses that he pleased, the lover or the tyrant like any of our actors that he pleased, and the lion like "the most fearful wild-fowl living." The carpenter, the tailor, and joiner, it was thought, would hit the galleries. The young ladies in love would interest the side-boxes; and Robin Goodfellow and his companions excite a lively fellow-feeling in the children from school. There would be two courts, an empire within an empire, the Athenian and the Fairy King and Queen, with their attendants, and with all their finery. What an opportunity for processions, for the sound of trumpets and glittering of spears! What a fluttering of urchins' painted wings; what a delightful profusion of gauze clouds and airy spirits floating on them!

Alas, the experiment has been tried, and has failed; not through the fault of Mr Kean, who did not play the part of Bottom, nor of Mr Liston, who did, and who played it well, but from the nature of things. The 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' when acted, is converted from a delightful fiction into a dull pantomime. All that is finest in the play is lost in the representation. The spectacle was grand; but the spirit was evaporated, the genius was fled.—Poetry and the stage do not agree well together. The attempt to reconcile them in this instance fails not only of effect, but of decorum. The ideal can have no place upon the stage, which is a picture without perspective: everything there is in the foreground. That which was merely an airy shape, a dream, a passing thought, immediately becomes an unmanageable reality. Where all is left to the imagination (as is the case in reading) every circumstance, near or remote, has an equal chance of being kept in mind, and tells according to the mixed impression of all that has been suggested. But the imagination cannot sufficiently qualify the actual impressions of the senses. Any offence given to the eye is not to be got rid of by explanation. Thus Bottom's head in the play is a fantastic illusion, produced by magic spells: on the stage, it is an ass's head, and nothing more; certainly a very strange costume for a gentleman to appear in. Fancy cannot be embodied any more than a simile can be painted; and it is as idle to attempt it as to personate *wall* or *moonshine*. Fairies are not incredible, but fairies six feet high are so. Monsters are not shocking, if they are seen at a proper distance. When ghosts appear at mid-day, when apparitions stalk along Cheapside, then may the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' be represented without injury at Covent-garden or at Drury-lane. The boards of a theatre and the regions of fancy are not the same thing.

A SAMPLE OF  
THE SPELLING OF THE LADIES IN  
THE TIME OF CHARLES I.

[From the 'Memoirs of Dr Basire.' The letter was written to him during his exile in the royal cause, by his wife, a lady of a good family, and an excellent woman. Our extract is followed by a passage or two from her other letters.]

From Eglesclif, Feb. 19. 1661.

"MY DEAREST — I Have received yowrs from Missina, dated the last of November, which is all I have received, sens S. Morkes day. I have and shal praise God for his gracious providens over you, in delivering you from the Pope and fryars envie. I pray God to prosper you stil in the good successe of your ministry, and to continue your prudence and care of yourself. I am sorry for your deare frend deth. Thoue you are not plesed to nam him, yet I thinke I know him—Ser John Gudrike brother. He told me his brother was dide of a pluresy as he was in his voyage for Englon. He axed me for you, and desired me to remember him to you. I saw him as I was retorning from bringing my Lady



Blaxton in hear going to see Ser William her husband, wich is a presnor at *Moretoke* casel neare Coventry. My lady now is at London, waiting if she can get him relest, and for the present is put of with good words. Our dotter Mary is at hom with me, she is (I praise God) a relogos child, and serveable to me. Mr Hums hath tout her to rit. My lady had a great love and care of her. I found her all her close and paid Mr Broune for teching her on the verginnalls. I shall have a care of all the rest as much as in me lais. I ret to my frend Busby according to your desire about Isache, but never had ansar from him. I very much desire if it ples God to settel you at Rome, that he may com to you. I do think he will be a gret comfort to you, and loves rising early to go to coul. When I tel him I have had letter from you, he axes if you have send for him.

"I most kindly thanke you for your deare, loving, and most constand care of me, and I do earnestly desire to aprove myself what you thinke me in your cherrittabl good thots of me. All your delit is wall heare, and I shall pray and long to heare of your prospering in your besnes and good settelment agine; my vnkle ret to me that the marchands had agreede to *leon* (lay on) every one so much for you to agment your stipend. I shall just now rit to my Lady Blaxton, and let her know you are wall. Mrs Man and Mrs Garnett, the Dauensons, and Dr Clarke are wall. My Lady Gereon, I think, is ded, for when I saw her, theare was no hops of lif. My Lady Hutten was wall, and remembers her to you. Oure good frend, Mrs Hungton, and her husband, are both ded, and Mr John Kilinggoul. All the res of our neighbours and our neighbours are as yet wall. My deare respetes and seruies to your good frend Mr Tindal.

"Yours as much as euer in the Lord,

"No more, theue euer,

"F. B. (Frances Basire.)

"I praise God for all your contentedness to bare your crosses, for that is the way to make them easie and lite to you, to conseeder from hom they com, and how gustly wee deserue them, and how nesserary they are for vs, and how they cannot be auoided in this lif.

"My dearest, I shall not faille to looke thos plases in the criptur, and pray\* for you as becometh your obedent wife and serunt in the Lord,

"F. B."

In another letter she says—"I prais God I am very wall, and I cro fat."

In another:—"I want whit wain (white wine) to make pouthers in; heare is non to be got that is god."

And again:—"Dr Clarke and Dr Nealer liue of some *temberall* mens thy haue, (liue on some tempo-ral means) but do not prech."

Female education was strangely neglected in this humble particular, up to a late period. Nor, indeed, did gentlemen perhaps spell with uniform correctness till the middle of the last century. We think we recollect instances, even in the autographs of Pope. There is a letter to him, from his venerable mother, preserved in some of his editions, almost as full of involuntary comedy as the above.

#### CARDINAL VIRTUES OF WIT.

Cardinal du Bellay was so extravagantly fond of the works of Rabelais, that being once desired to ask a person of learning to stay dinner, "Has he read the book?" quoth he. The answer was, "No; he is of a serious cast." "Then let him dine with the servants," replied the Cardinal. As if there could be no merit without reading that facetious performance.

#### A REMARK WHICH WE BELIEVE TO BE WELL-FOUNDED.

If a man keeps always perfectly sober, with an even temper, and no display of wealth, he may pass unscathed almost everywhere.—*Alexander's Sketches in Portugal.*

#### SNOW-DROPS.

A LOVELY sisterhood of nuns ye seem,  
White-hooded, in your cloister of the snow;  
A sweet society, charmed to forego  
Delights, whose Eden is the summer beam,  
Sports of the field, and hauntings of the stream.  
The lark will sing in heaven—the violet blow—  
The cuckoo shout—its star the primrose show,  
When ye are fled, like music, or a dream.  
Sad am I for you, sweet ones! you must never  
Wave your white beauty 'mid the summer bloom:  
In life, death's sanctity must you endeavour—  
A sad content—irrevocable doom!  
Nature has fixed your fate—one cold for ever—  
Winter your convent, and the snow your tomb.

R. H.

\*.\* This Correspondent (whose sonnet affords genuine proof that he has a right relish of the poetry he speaks of, and whose 'Gipsy King' we should be glad to see) has gratified us with a letter containing the following passage:—

Thousands of your Readers have had, if they are at all like us, a deep gratification—Keats's 'Eve of St Agnes' is beautiful—this we felt before, and now feel doubly, accompanied with your comment and interpretation. 'Isabella' is also a delightful poem—some of its lines are like solid bars of gold, once read they are read again, and never forgotten. But the same may be said of much of Keats's poetry. Of all our modern great poets he has been the least read and appreciated. As far as my experience in poetry goes, and the enjoyment of it, he takes his place with the highest—or why do passages from his poems come into the mind in the divine company of Shakspeare's and Milton's? I never read him without thinking of 'Comus' and 'The Midsummer Night's Dream.' What a chaste antique witchery there is in the 'Eve of St Agnes!'—what pathos in 'Isabella!'—and what a compass of mind and power in 'Hyperion!'—to use his own words,—"Might half-slumbering on his own right arm." You will, it is to be hoped, give and comment on 'Isabella,' and, surely, too, 'Comus.'

#### MUSIC.

*Musical Library. No. XI. Charles Knight.*

AN 'Andante and Variations' by Haydn, among the instrumental pieces, is one of the loveliest movements we ever heard; and very easy to play too; it is, therefore, to the taste, and within the power of everyone who can make the slightest use of his finger-tips. Clementi's pianoforte piece is a useful study for youthful practitioners, and very pleasing. Handel's overtures we cannot think suitable to one pair of hands, if to the pianoforte at all; much less to the very simple style of arrangement adopted in the 'Musical Library.' The vocal portion this time is not so good as it is wont to be. The madrigal is dull and tedious. The duet, from 'Lodoviska,' is pretty. The charming ballad of 'Sally in our Alley,' however, is worth a whole bookful of the rest; a most charming, simple, expressive composition it is. It is among the very best of inventions, original, true, and belongs, not to this or that style of music, so much as to our very nature. The composer learnt not the melody in the grammar, nor did he calculate it by any process of algebra or acoustic science; but he found it in his own heart, and gave it us as he found it. We could have wished that it had had a better accompaniment. It is true that the air being played in the accompaniment makes it all the easier to sing; but it very much deteriorates from the effect of which it is capable; and if a modern accompaniment be employed, it would have been as well to have made it as good as modern improvements in arrangement could have enabled it to be. It might, nay, it ought, to have been quite as simple; but the voice being unvaryingly in unison with the pianoforte, through the whole piece, has a very unpleasant sameness of effect.

#### ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE IN CHILD-BED OF TWINS.

BY LORD HAILES.

[Sir David Dalrymple, Scotch lord of session, the excellent writer of the 'Annals of Scotland.' His friend Lord Woodhouselee says truly of the following lines, that it would not be easy to produce from the works of any modern Latin poet (he might have added, or ancient,) a more delicate, tender effusion, or an idyllion of greater classical purity. It is a pity that the editor of 'Blackwood,' or of the 'Times,' or Mr Landor, or some other accomplished scholar, does not make a selection of these classical amenities, and give us them in a volume with notes and translations. Our friend Mr Webbe should do it. We are sure that men of genius, of all parties, would hail it with encouragement and delight.]

Vidi, gemellos, et superbivi parens,  
Fausti decus puerperi;  
At mox sub uno flebilis vidi parens  
Condi gemellos cespite.

Te, dulcis uxor! ut mihi sol occidit,  
Radiante dejectus polo!  
Obscura vitæ nunc ego per avia  
Heu, solus, ac dubius feror!

AN ATTEMPT TO TRANSLATE THE ABOVE.

I saw them, twins, a parent proud,  
The blossoms of a happy bed:  
A little while, a parent bow'd,  
I saw them, through my tears, both dead.

But when thou left'st me too, sweet wife!  
Oh! darkness smote me at noon-day.  
Now through a lone and silent life  
I stagger, nor can see my way.

L. H.

#### DESTRUCTION OF A SHIP AND ITS CREW BY A WHALE.

Not boats only, but sometimes even ships are destroyed by these powerful creatures.

It is a well-authenticated fact, that an American whale ship, the *Essex*, was destroyed in the South Pacific Ocean by an enormous Sperm Whale. While the greater part of the crew were away in the boats killing whales, the few people remaining on board saw an enormous whale come up close to the ship, and, when very near, he appeared to sink down for the purpose of avoiding the vessel, and in doing so, he struck his body against some part of the keel, which was broken off by the force of the blow, and floated to the surface; the whale was then observed to rise a short distance from the ship, and to come with, apparently, great fury towards it, striking one of the bows with his head, with amazing force, and completely "staving it in." The ship, of course, immediately filled and fell over on her side, in which dreadful position the poor fellows in the boats saw their only home, and distant from the nearest land many hundred miles; on returning to the wreck, they found the few who had been left on board, hastily congregated in a remaining whale-boat, into which they had scarcely time to take refuge before the vessel capsized—they with difficulty obtained a scanty supply of provisions from the wreck, their only support on the long and dreary passage before them, to the coast of Peru, to which they endeavoured to make the best of their way.

One boat was fortunately picked up by a vessel not far from the coast; in it were the only survivors of the unfortunate crew, three in number—the remainder having miserably perished under unheard-of suffering and privations. These three men were in a state of stupefaction, allowing their boat to drift about where the winds and waves listed. One of these survivors was the master: by kind and careful attention on the part of their deliverers, they were eventually rescued from the jaws of death, to relate the melancholy tale.—[From a very interesting and comprehensive little account, just published, of the *Sperm Whale, its Fishery, &c.* Effingham Wilson, pp. 58.]

### A GENTLEMAN WITH A WIFE IN EVERY TOWN.

[FROM the second volume of the 'Hindoos' (just published),—a volume still more amusing than the first, and giving the most extraordinary pictures of Hindostan, which (with admirable things in it) may be called, in many respects, the very hot-bed of absurdity.]

THERE exists in Bengal a particular tribe of Brahmins, who conduct their marriages in a manner different from that which prevails among other members of the same caste. The history of this tribe is as follows. Formerly, there existed in Bengal but one order of Brahmins, called Satsati, all of whom were equal in honour. There was, consequently, no powerful rivalry to stimulate to exertion, whether in virtue or learning, and the whole caste insensibly sank into sloth and ignorance. For some time this state of things continued undisturbed. But at length a prince arose, who, incensed at their indolence and incapacity, and wishing to offer up, by pious and skilful hands, a sacrifice, which he designed to solemnize for obtaining rain, invited from a neighbouring state five Brahmins of learning and virtue capable of conducting the ceremony in a becoming manner. Their performance satisfied the monarch, who, as a reward, gave them grants of land; and from these five men, nearly all the Brahmins, now in Bengal, are supposed, to be descended. Nearly the same thing, however, happened to their posterity as had happened to the Satsatis: ignorance, the vice which most easily besets mankind, intent, for the most part, on vulgar acquisitions, again crept in, and a second reform became necessary. Ballalsena, therefore, King of Bengal, observing among the Brahmins a great lukewarmness in the performance of their religious duties, determined to divide them into three orders, distinguishing one as a peculiar order of merit, to entitle a man to enter which the following qualifications were required: to observe the duties of the caste, to be meek and learned, of good report, to possess a disposition to visit the holy places, to be devout, not to desire gifts from the impure, to delight in an ascetic life, and to be liberal and beneficent. Those in whom these nine qualities were found, he denominated *Kulinas*; those who possessed some, but were wanting in other qualities, were called *Srotriyas*; while those, in whom none of these signs of superiority could be discovered, were termed *Vansajas*.

The distinctions thus created, and which still continue to be observed with great tenacity, have given rise to the greatest enormities. A *Kulina* may lawfully give his son in marriage to the daughter of a *Srotriya*, or even to a *Vansaja*; but, in the second case, on condition that his family, if the practice be continued, shall sink to the level of a *Vansaja*. This danger, however, he generally confronts with great readiness for a certain consideration; and the *Srotriyas* and *Vansajas*, vehemently ambitious of forming connexions with the privileged class, consent to expend enormous sums of money to obtain *Kulina* husbands for their daughters. For this reason, the male youth of this class are generally engaged as soon as born to women of the inferior tribes. But the contriver of the rules, by which these people regulate their conduct, neglected to provide for the daughters of *Kulinas*, who are forbidden to marry out of their class, and, unless very wealthy, can find no husbands in it. They therefore remain unmarried. Polygamy, itself an evil, is frequently resorted to as a remedy to the inconvenience resulting from this arrangement. The *Kulina* Brahmin, solicited and courted on all sides, marries a number of wives, some from his own class, to gratify his friends, others from among the inferior classes, through considerations of interest, to enrich himself, or to provide for himself a home in various parts of the country, where he may be lodged and entertained without expense during his peregrinations from one place of pilgrimage to another. The women of his own class he commonly leaves at the houses of their friends; of the others he generally takes one to his own house, when he happens to

possess one. But very frequently all his worldly possessions consist only of a shred of cloth and his Brahminical string, by the magic influence of which, however, he sometimes possesses a harem of a hundred and twenty ladies scattered over Bengal, each of whom is proud to call him husband, and looks forward to his distant and uncertain visit as to a season of rejoicing and jubilee. Numbers convert these kinds of marriages into a profitable speculation, and possess no other means of living. At each new marriage large presents are made them, which are renewed whenever they visit their wives. Thus a *Kulina*, having married into fifty or a hundred families, passes from house to house, where he is received with distinction, sumptuously entertained, and loaded at his departure with presents, in the hope of tempting him soon to return. In some cases the husband never sees the wife after the nuptials; in others he visits her once, perhaps, in three or four years. A *Kulina* of respectable circumstances never lives with the wife, who remains at the house of her parents; he sees her occasionally, as a friend rather than as a husband, and he dreads to have children by her, lest he should thereby sink in honour. In fact, to obviate this evil, they never acknowledge the children born in the houses of their fathers-in-law.

The prevalence of these preposterous customs is the cause of innumerable evils: the married women, neglected by their husbands, and still more their hosts of unmarried sisters, frequently indulge in every kind of debauchery and vice; while their husbands have lately been found, to a most extraordinary extent, among the most daring robbers and banditti.

#### FEUDAL AMUSEMENTS.

Henry de Lancaster, commander of the English forces, invited the Knight of Liddesdale to combat with him in the lists at Berwick. In the first course the Knight of Liddesdale was wounded by the breaking of his own spear. This accident having interrupted the sport, Henry Lancaster requested Alexander Ramsay to bring twenty gentlemen with him to encounter an equal number of English. The request was complied with; and the sports continued for three days. Two of the English combatants were killed on the field; nor was the loss of their antagonists less considerable. The point of a spear pierced the brain of William de Ramsay. After having been shrieved he expired in his armour. John Hay, an eminent person among the Scots, received a mortal wound. At this juncture, Patrick Graham happened to arrive from abroad. An English knight challenged him. "Brother," said Graham, *pleasanly*, "prepare for death, and confess yourself; and then you shall sup in Paradise." And so it fell out, says Fordun. He appears not to have felt any horror at a scene, where brave men, without either national animosity, or personal cause of offence, lavished their lives in savage amusement.—*Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland*.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to thank five of our Readers for supplying us with copies of the ballad of 'Cumnor Hall.' One of them expresses a wish to have some remarks upon it; but upon further acquaintance it turns out to be hardly worth the compliment. The story, too, is apocryphal. It is by no means certain that Leicester killed his wife; and Mr Sharon Turner, in his 'History of England,' has given reasons for supposing, that if the Countess did die of a fall down stairs, it was probably owing to accident,—a catastrophe of the sort being by no means uncommon. We have unfortunately mislaid the paragraph we had copied from Mr Turner; but, if we remember rightly, he says, that he himself had known three instances of such a death. It is well-known, that Bruce the traveller, after all his hair-breadth escapes in distant regions, died of a fall down stairs in his own house, while showing some visitors out of it. The closing stanzas

of the ballad are not without merit, and the first is so beautiful, that it makes one impatient of the mediocrity of the rest. The picture it presents has the true ballad freshness and simplicity,—the truth told in simple words. "Regent," perhaps, is not so well; but the rest is as fresh as the "summer night:"

"The dews of summer night did fall;  
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,  
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,  
And many an oak that grew thereby."

We recollected this stanza: we had been repeating it, like a tune, for a week past, till the communications of our friends came to hand; and then were obliged to comfort ourselves for the breaking of the spell, by thinking how kind and prompt they had been in sending us so many copies within three days after the appearance of our request.

We received the amazing anagram of our friend T. T., and have not yet recovered of the perplexity into which it has thrown us as to whether our Readers would derive as amusing an astonishment from it as ourselves.

The 'History of the Streets of London,' contained in the Supplements, will have a copious index to it when concluded.

We have no recollection of seeing the Latin version mentioned by GODFREY GRAFTON. His 'Prayer' does great credit to his nature, but wants a little more vigour in some of the lines. The following passage in his letter is of a kind which particularly gratifies us:—

"I do not believe there is a man on earth, even among the worst of those whom the every-day, and particularly 'decorous world shuns as 'blackguards,' who has not in his heart of hearts 'some redeeming quality'; and I do firmly believe that of all the publications which issue from the press throughout Great Britain, none is more calculated to cherish and draw out that kind of latent goodness than yours; and this I consider one of its greatest claims to attention; yes, even a claim superior far to its literary merit, though I am sure I shall not be accused of underrating the latter."

G. W. cannot do better than cultivate his taste for poetry, provided it be only the ornament of his leisure, and interfere with no duty of certainty. Even the greatest poets, when they begin life, have no right to reckon upon their genius alone; especially as it sometimes happens, that the greater the genius, the less likely is it to be so generally understood by its contemporaries, as to be of worldly advantage to its possessor. The great poet, therefore, must often work like other men for a subsistence, and be content (as he well may) with his enjoyment of his beautiful fancies and his prospect of fame. And the lesser must be glad that he too has a perception of the beauties of nature, wherewith to solace himself after his necessary tasks.

The corrections kindly furnished us by F. will be made in the way he mentions. They have been accidentally delayed, too late even for their appearance in the next number of the Supplement; but will certainly be found in the one following.

The 'Triumph of Cholera' is by no means destitute of merit; but it is too long for the LONDON JOURNAL.

We thank G. for his letter: but he is mistaken in identifying the occasional weakness of temperament he alludes to in the excellent individual in question, with the habit of the other. And the exclusiveness he speaks of, was as inclusive a thing as possible; and repelled (as indeed he guesses) nobody who had a hearty regard for any thing. That was the only qualification.

We have not room for the approbation given of us at such kind length by PHILOLOGUS; but it is duly valued. So also the letter of E. L.—s.

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